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# THE *Lehigh* REVIEW



## ❖ GRADUATION ISSUE ❖

- University Show by Weiss and Hughes •
- Review Senior Award •
- War Is Hell — Or Is It? •

— Twenty Cents —





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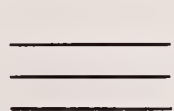
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# *Passing in Review*



## ● THE MUG ON THE COVER

Some people looking at the cover might deduce that Graduation week is a time of revelry. They might even deduce that beer is being poured into the tankard on the cover. Appearances are deceiving. The cover picture is the result of an unfortunate double exposure. There is no connection between the two themes pictured. Any similarity to anything you might have observed, or may observe, is purely coincidental, and the **Review** wouldn't think of implying any such thing.

## ● VALEDICTORY

This issue was planned to be sort of a send-off for the seniors who now leave these sheltered walls to carve their respective niches someplace or other. Even if they are facing a third term their prospects might be worse. At this point the editorial should be interspliced with about three paragraphs of Asa Packer's or somebody's "Show 'em, Lehigh" speech. That sort of thing being in poor taste in this super-cynical world, all we can say is that in the past, the alumni hasn't done so badly for itself and there isn't any reason why the brand-new shiny 1940 model shouldn't follow their precedent.

## ● ELECTIONS

Arcadia's attempt at correcting the political evils of the University had the effect of spreading a large and very wet blanket over the whole business of elections. That is too bad. After all, it is sort of nice being in an institution where such an instrument as the vote still exists. Even if it exists only in a very curtailed form.

We'd like to see the national government try the Ar-

cadia brand of nominations. Can't you imagine Washington's nine old men selecting presidential eligibles? Imagine John Q. Zilch's surprise at being awakened in the middle of the night by the telephone and then hearing Chief Justice Hughes intone:

"You are a presidential nominee, be down at Ye Jiffie Capitol Photographers at eight tomorrow morning." Then in answer to J. Q. Zilch's puzzled questions, Hughes might add:

"At the age of fifteen, while at Camp Sequonky you won seventeen merit badges and passed your life-saving test. At the age of seventeen, you helped an old lady across the intersection at Forty-Second and Broadway Et cetera, ad infinitum."

Other eligible candidates might be Oscar Levant, Earl Browder, Eric Weiss and Shirley Temple.

## ● UNIVERSITY SHOW

The other evening something happened in the Maennerchor which happens all too seldom here at Lehigh, and that was the one hundred percent Lehigh musical revue, **University Show**. It is regrettable that the University didn't show enough interest in it to stage it as it deserved, but undoubtedly it gained something by the atmosphere of the Maennerchor. Perhaps Dave Hughes and Eric Weiss are remnants of a near-extinct species of college student, but we need more of their type. Once a year should be the maximum interval between good healthy doses of campus originated humor—humor of a good and bawdy variety.

So that you can pick up the gags you missed and learn the words of that tune that caught your ear, the **Review** presents as a special feature, the University Show all over again.



# THE *Lehigh* REVIEW

*Lehigh University*  
*Bethlehem, Penna.*

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## Graduation Issue

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*The Lehigh Review is published by the students of Lehigh University and is entered as second class mail at the Post Office in Bethlehem, Pa.*

*The price is twenty cents the copy and 1 year is \$1.50.*

*The names of all characters used in short stories and serials are fictitious. Any similarity or identity of these names with actual names is entirely accidental.*



THEME GIRL

*dick gowdy*



Because of his unparalleled record, the "Review" awards the first Annual Review Purse to J. Perry Periwinkle, Ch. E., '40. A brief summary of Periwinkle's activities follows:

1. 4.00 average for 8 semesters.
2. Complete avoidance of house parties and associated evils with the exception of Spring house-party in his freshman year when he had his second cousin from Perkadilly Flats, Arkansas, up. The committee disregarded this because the entire weekend was spent at the Library reading Greek philosophy.

3. He has never entered Joe's or the Chor or any place of such ilk.

4. No cuts in 8 semesters.

5. Complete abstinence from all athletic contests and similar brutalizing activities.

The Review Purse of \$1.87 comprising the profits of the Review for the year will be awarded to J. Perry Periwinkle with suitable ceremony.



*A Candid Study of Periwinkle*

**The record and life  
of this year's  
winner of the**

# Review Senior Award

One dark and stormy night early one beautiful June morning J. Perry Periwinkle first saw the light of day. His mother's husband took one look, blew Perry's mother's head off with a ten gauge shotgun, and walked out of the house. He was never heard of again.

Perry was placed in an asylum where after a period of three years he became three years old. Life in the asylum was very dull for this growing prodigy. He soon exhausted the asylum library's stock of Freud, Marx, and Thornton Smith. One day he disguised himself as a poached egg and thus escaped from the grim gray walls that had confined him.

After serving two seasons as a horrible example for a birth control promotion group he decided that this activity was not sufficiently inspiring to

his peculiar type of temperament and he hied himself away to a little mountain retreat in the Catskills. Here he learned about life. But who can blame this groping mite who had no mother or father to tell him about the birds and bees and Margaret Sanger. After three years of married life his wife was found with her head crushed to a bloody pulp and a bloodstained sledge hammer was found in Perry's violin case. This unfortunate accident depressed Perry very much.

One morning while piddling around with some chemicals he made a flask of nitroglycerine. The stuff smelled very bad so he tossed the flask out the window of his penthouse. Seventeen passerbys were blown to bits. This strange phenomena induced Perry to investigate the possibilities of chemical engineering as a life's work.

The alumni association of Lafayette College heard of his aspirations and generously voted him a scholarship to Lehigh University. Perry checked on the merits of Lehigh and decided that it would, with a few changes, suffice.

His freshman year was quite dull and except for an insecticide, which he perfected, he did little for the world of science. The grounds crew sprayed a portion of the campus with the insecticide to test it. It worked beautifully except that it killed all the grass and trees. The University quickly built Richards House to cover up the bare spot.

With graduation J. Perry Periwinkle is faced with a new challenge. Will he live up to the world's expectations? Only time will tell.

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# Things Keep Happening

## A Comment On Student Life

By Charles J. Moravec

SOMETIMES, being mildly disgusted with the innocuous tedium of college life, students everywhere are heretical enough to believe that there may be in this so-far-not-so-good life a little more excitement and color than a football game or a wrestling meet have to offer. Too often students, in their clamor for the bright spots, gayety, and thrills, lose sight of the possibilities of interest and variety abounding on all fronts. It is indeed with a sincere regret that I feel for such a state of affairs and offer as a defense some impressions and confessions that lead me to believe that the collegiate world is a merry place in which to live.

In order to do justice to a variety of incidents which have caught my eye and thought, let us forget literary style and just ramble with arresting personalities who have provided some fascinating hours to collegiate life for those seeking something different. Then, let us glance at some of the minor headlines which indicate that students are different in their likes and activities on many college grounds, that restrictions are in order on every campus, that pioneers do exist among present day student bodies, and that Lehigh has much in common and in difference when colleges are characterized by student interests and administrative policies.

That college youth is concerned about how to secure a job, will be the basis for my initial retelling of a humorous and yet embarrassing incident. Having the good fortune, one day, to be one of several dozen at an informal tea where the eminent Heywood Broun was appearing as guest of honor and finding myself for a few frightened minutes standing in the doorway near the great man, I saw one college senior

summon enough courage to ask him the best way to get a job as a newspaper columnist. With a visible effort to control himself, he recovered his teacup from under the lounge and replied "Young man, it seems to me that there is an old saw to effect that the best and easiest way to gain your heart's desire is to buy it. If you cannot buy it, the next best way is to marry the owner's daughter. If he has no daughter . . . well maybe, you will get a lucky break." Before the senior

---

**Graduating from Albright College in '37 the author left behind him three years of publicity work as an undergraduate. Came here in the fall of '38 as University Sport Editor. One of the campus's most active figures he probably knows and is known by more people than any other Lehigh man.**

---

could speak again, he was gone. Perhaps there is more truth than humor and evasion in his reply.

While on the subject of receptions and teas, I am sure that the Sigma Phi at Lehigh are happy that they did not have Pulitzer-Prize winner, Carl Sandburg, as one of their guests at their highly successful and treasured memory of several weeks ago. Their courage to foster informal and friendly Sunday afternoon receptions may have been shaken if the composer of American ballads were invited to attend and when asked if he wanted a cup of tea

replied; "What? That belly-wash!" as he did in the large reception room of a socially prominent family in Reading five years ago. But to make the story short, Sandburg did drink tea and actually asked for a second cup in a most gracious manner.

Last Founder's Day, several members of the Student Concerts-Lectures Series committee were amazed when they met Cornelia Otis Skinner on the stage of Broughal High School. She was holding her throat as did Blanche Yurka and Elissa Landi and told the chairman that she needed rest because she was suffering from a serious cold. When invited to have dinner with the committee, the cold vanished. After a most successful performance of clever sketches written by herself, Miss Skinner (Mrs. Blodgett), accompanied by about a dozen guests, journeyed down to Trainer's in Quakertown for either a steak or sea food dinner. One look at the menu and Miss Skinner's mind was made up. She told us she was tired of the ordinary stuff served in hotels, restaurants, private homes and that she would order pigs knuckles and sauerkraut. She did and about three or four bottles of ale. From that moment on, she was no longer a celebrity, she was one of the gang.

Three years ago, Blanche Yurka proved what has been written on many occasions that noted people appearing in the sticks were not interested in huge receptions to be attended by the leading citizens of town or campus. Miss Yurka had been scheduled to appear at Drown Hall where faculty members and their wives, dressed for the occasion, were waiting to tell her how much they had enjoyed her performance, to ask her questions about the theatre, to drink tea and eat tiny sandwiches and bits of cake. The



# War IS Hell

Not Recommended Reading  
For Squeamish People . . .

**B**RINGING to you, through the courtesy of the Ghastly Gas Mask Corporation, a shot by shot description of the greatest battle of the war now being fought on the plains of Annihlo. The next voice you will hear will be the voice of Jerry Brutal, your favorite European commentator. Take it away Europe.

Hello folks of America—here we are crouched on the firing line in a beautiful position to relay to you the events of the day. And it is a beautiful day—through the occasional rifts in the smoke screens you can see the beautiful deep blue sky and brilliant sun so common in June in this part of the world. There has been little action as yet—the armies are just feeling each other out. Neither wants to provide the other with an opening.

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Here comes the first signs of action all day.

A Nasty patrol has been spotted out in No Man's Land by the Alleys. That noise you hear is an automatic rifle opening up on the patrol. The Nasties are wilting like last night's gardenias. Through my field glasses I can even see the expression on their faces. They are bewildered, surprised, they are signalling surrender. Too late, a mortar shell just landed on their position and

wiped it out.

Do you of America realize that Commander-General Belcher himself recommends Ghastly Gas Masks. For absolute protection remember to ask for Ghastly's.

Planes are approaching. Too far off to identify them. They're getting closer. I think they are Alley's. Yes they are Alley's. Parachute troops are jumping out over the Nasty lines. White blossoms of silk are opening all over the sky. The Nasty machine guns and rifles are firing at the descending 'chutes. They haven't much chance of landing alive. Wait—one of the biggest surprises of the year. They weren't men dropping in those 'chutes. They are liquid fire containers. Streamers of flame are showering over the Nasty emplacements. Nasty screams are probably reaching you as they burn to death. A brilliant bit of tactics. A prettier movement I have never seen.

That apparently was a preliminary move to a general attack. All up and down the Alley's line, khaki figures are crawling out of their trenches. They are starting across the strip separating them from the Nasties. The Nasties give them everything they've got. Mortars, howitzers, machine guns, tank guns, rifles—everything is pouring lead at the Alley's line.

While history is being made let me remind you that Ghastly Gas Mask is offering a special discount this week only. Ten per cent off on every mask in any of our three hundred and fifty-nine stores throughout the country. Look for the store with the camouflaged front.

Now back to the battle. The Alley line is withering away. Their line

page sixteen, please



# Illusions

*A Bedroom Farce  
In the Parlor by  
Peter B. Turgeon*



*Scene: The rather drab middle-class parlor of one of New York's masses. The weekly Bronx bridge club has "experienced" another dull afternoon of cards and conversation: more of the latter for the most part. Doris Blotz, this week's hostess, is cleaning up the remains of the afternoon as she talks with the two remaining guests. Doris has, shall we say, been frowned upon by nature, at least, by all outward appearances. One of the guests is speaking . . .*

Peggy (*A "bottled" blond, with the air of a dime store hostess about her*): And the cops and these torpedoes was shooting all around me.

Gertrude (*A lanky girl who resembles Garbo in an odd sort of way*): Fer crysakes, it's a wonder you wasn't plugged.

Doris: I should say so.

Peggy: How didcha think I looked in the papers?

Doris: Oh, I've told you a thousand times, you looked elegant.

Peggy: Do you think I looked glamorous?

Gertrude: What didcha expect? Moina Loy?

Peggy: Well, I don't git in the papers every day.

Doris: You know that I liked your picture, kid.

Gertrude: So did I, Peg.

Peggy: Didcha notice that picture of Martin Van Smootch right in the next column?

Doris: Yeah . . . Ain't he smooth though?

Gertrude: He's the best looker in the

would, I think.

Peggy: He's a dream.

Doris: Have you seen his latest at the Paramount?

Gertrude: Not yet—how was it? . . . swell I betcha.

Doris: Elegant, simply elegant. You know, Harry looks a lot like Martin . . . in a certain way.

Gertrude: Say, when are we going to git to see this dream man of yours?

Peggy: Yeah, all I've heard is what a wonderful guy he is. When you gonna produce?

Doris: That's right, you've never seen Harry, have you?

Peggy: Well, I ain't jealous. You both have seen Louie and you know he ain't no dime a dozen job hisself.

Doris: He ain't. I'll never ferget when you foist told us about him, you said he was in the show bizness.

Gertrude: Well, ain't he?

Doris: Sure—an usher.

Peggy: That ain't no disgrace. When he gets his raise we're going to git married.

Gertrude: Gee, that's swell, kid.

Doris: Yeah—

Gertrude: At the rate Alec's going at the hamboigah stand, we won't be gitting married fer forty years . . . he ain't making carfare.

Peggy: Alec's a good enough guy though.

Gertrude: What do you mean good enough?

Doris: She means he's nice, Gertie.

Peggy: When we gonna meet this Harry?

Doris: Why, he's here all the time. He simply bothers the life out of me.

Gertrude: Say kid, if he's half as good as you say he is, I'd let him have my life.

Peggy: Yeah, I'd love to see this "hair-tonic" romeo.

Doris: He ain't a "hair-tonic" romeo . . . he's a respectable gent, and is gonna marry me—someday.

Gertrude: Maybe we'll be able to catch a glimpse of this superman at the wedding.

Doris: Harry wants a nice little wedding out in the country somewhere. He loves the country.

Gertrude: What is he—a farmer?

Peggy: It sure is funny we ain't never seen him.

Doris: Well, you just ain't never here at the right times.

(*telephone rings, Doris answers it.*)

Doris (*into the telephone*): Hello . . . oh . . . (*sweetly*) hello darling . . . yes, dearest . . . oh you sweet thing . . . tonight? . . . oh darling, it would be wonderful . . . yes, 7:30 sharp . . . I'll be ready . . . yes, sweetheart, oh, silly boy . . . bye now.

Gertrude: Whew, that's the real thing if I ever heard it—boy!

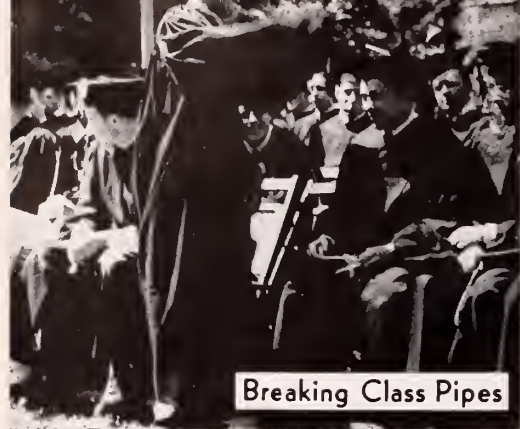
Peggy: "Darling", "sweetheart", "dearest" . . . love, woik your miracles on me.

Doris (*returning to them*): That was Harry, goils. We're going out to the Woild's Fair tonight.

Gertrude: Well, Dorry . . . I didn't know this thing had gone this far—congrats and stuff.

Peggy: Me too—I'm just going to tell simply everyone.





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by Frankie Rich '42

SOME of the monthly magazines devoted to modern music, feature polls indicating a shift in the country's choice in swing bands. The new leader, apparently, is Glenn Miller. As soon as Miller overtook Benny Goodman in this race, editorials appeared from out of nowhere. Their themes were nearly identical in that they all seemed to think that Benny is washed up and on the skids.

Every year, the King of Swing's hold on the throne is challenged by bands that spring up over night and fade just as rapidly. Not saying that Miller has an inferior band, but Goodman is a rarity that true lovers of swing can't help but appreciate. Every arrangement that Fletcher Henderson and he work out shows a certain new spark of originality.

"Why doesn't he give the other men in his band a chance?" Those who ask this question should tune in on his Pacific Coast broadcasts to get the answer. In the course of an original composition written either by Henderson, Hampton, Mondello, Elman, Christian, or himself, one may hear Fatool on the traps, Mondello on his unusual sax, Ziggy and his tremendously improved trumpet playing, Johnny Guiniari and his 'dark' piano, Bernstein on the bass, and Christian on the guitar. All of these men are experts in their field. They have to be or they wouldn't be in the band. Benny appreciates that fact, and he gives his artists their breaks when he feels that a solo will add richness to his arrangements. There is one section of his band that is neglected and that is the trombones.

His sextet is one of the best aggregations ever to play under one roof. Showing no racial partiality, he has four Negroes in his outfit, and has had

to fight to keep them for this is strictly against union regulations. He feels the pulse of American tastes, and he doctors his music accordingly.

## CURRENT PLATTERS

Artie Shaw's *Gloomy Sunday* is an artistic version of a Hungarian piece of music that shows promise of accomplishing the task which sent up a snicker from the jazz enthusiasts from coast to coast. His desire to interpret the finer side of swing led him to quit his old organization which specialized in commercial tune interpretation. *Don't Fall Asleep* on the other side in one of Artie's own writings, but it's a different Shaw than the Shaw of *Begin the Beguine* and *Black Bay Shuffle*. Violin choruses and trumpet sets form the background for clarinet solos and for vocals by Pauline Byrne, who, incidentally, does some neat yodeling. (Victor).

Lionel Hampton's *Dinah* gets under way with a Benny Carter trumpet solo, and Coleman Hawkins follows close behind with a tenor sax ride that really drifts. The rest is Hampton against the combine. *Singing the Blues* does just that on the reverse side. (Vict.)

Ginny Simms breaks away from Kay Kyser to make a good recording of *I Can't Get Started*. This is a most appropriate title for Ginny, whose talents have never had a real chance to appear with Kyser. (Varsity)

Lennie Hayton handles *AC—DC Current* with hot hands. There are many good trumpet takes on both sides of this one. *AC* is a product of the Christian-Goodman-Henderson school. *Times Square Scuttle* is an original that works out swell. (Vocalion)



## Classical Recordings

**Schumann. Symphony No. 1 in B Flat Major ("Spring"). Played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Serge Koussevitzky. Victor Masterpiece M. 655.**

UNDER the masterful baton of Koussevitzky, all the subtle and romantic beauty of Schumann's First Symphony is portrayed in the new album released by Victor this month. Beginning with the introduction of the first theme by the horns and trumpets sounding like the awakening of spring, to the end of the symphony, symbolizing the spring's farewell, the whole spirit of Schumann's genius is recorded.

A side note on this new release is the novelty of the album cover, which portrays the coldness of winter uncovering the beauty and opulence of spring. It adds to the interest of the work, for you see a picture of what the composer is interpreting.

**Bach. Sonata No. 1 in G Major. Played by Emanuel Vardi, Violinist and Vivian Rivkin, Pianist. Royale Recordings Nos. 598, 599, and 600.**

This is a surprisingly good number released by the new company in the field of classical recordings. Comparatively unknown, the artists show their skill in the sureness of their rendition of this difficult piece. It is worthwhile work if you like Bach's sonatas.

**Schubert. Symphony No. 8 in B Minor. Played by the Vienna Symphony Orchestra conducted by Brune Walter. Victor Black Label Recording G-9.**

Victor has instituted a new policy by introducing Black Label albums, recordings of the most popular symphonies under the leadership of the less famous conductors for less money than the ordinary Victor albums. If this one is an indication of the type of recordings offered, the project is highly worthwhile. Walter skillfully interprets the two movements of the com-

position, combining the flow of the melody with ingenious and moving modulations. The whole work is a living illustration of the genius of Schubert.

**Beethoven. Sonata in F Major. Played by Jenö Lener, violin, and Louis Kentner piano. Columbia Masterworks M-404.**

This work is called the "Spring" Sonata, because it expresses the exuberance of new life, symbolized by the coming of spring. The work is light-hearted in spirit, giving vitality and life to a lesser known work of Beethoven's. An outstanding feature is the perfect balance of the two parts, giving the performance a feeling of unity and understanding.

### POLL STORY

These were voted tops as the three sweetest words in the English language.

1. I love you.
2. Dinner is served.
3. All is forgiven.
4. Sleep till noon.
5. Keep the change.
6. Here's that five.

And the saddest were:

1. External use only.
2. Buy me one.
3. Out of gas.
4. Dues not paid.
5. Funds not sufficient.
6. Rest in peace.

—Panther

In the days of Queen Elizabeth, 'tis said, some of the ladies liked to curl up with a good book, while others preferred simply to curl up with one of the pages.

—Jack-o-lantern

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## THINGS KEEP HAPPENING

from page five

performance was well received, but the reception was not. Following the show, Miss Yurka left for the hotel for a change of wearing apparel. She was stopped by Carstens Haas, Bill Dukek, and Bill Gottlieb, all of the class of 1938. They went to the Sun Inn and other places finally winding up at the famed Beethoven Maennerchor. Registrar Curtis checked on their whereabouts, but finally everyone at Drown Hall gave up—ate the sandwiches, cake, and drank the tea and coffee and left for home. It was a family party with no guest of honor.

Before leaving the issue of entertaining, let us pause to evaluate tastes of the Lehigh student body. During my wanderings around the fraternity houses on the Lehigh campus, I have been able to observe that in the majority of cases guests are invited for a meal when steak is the chief item on the menu. Once in awhile, one of the brothers is crossed up by the chef as was Ed Klein a year ago and the Phi Sigs featured pork and sauerkraut instead of tender morsels of beef in steak style with onions and mushrooms. It isn't the food, however, that makes for impressions. I was amazed after a recent dinner in hospitable surroundings at the Theta Delta Chi house that classical music was the order of the day. I sought to find out if this was artifice, but after a careful checkup, I must confess that I was especially surprised to learn that the boys near the top of South Mountain really do go in for the preludes, concertos, sonatas, and symphonies of the great masters. I was delightfully amused to find most of the Phi Sigs hurrying to the radio to listen to a hair-raising chapter of a continuous mystery after dinner about two months ago. At the Alpha Chi Rho mansion, all sorts of comments about publications seemed to be the topic of conversation. During the past winter, ice hockey seemed to monopolize the discussion after a luncheon at the Fish Bowl (Chi Psi) lodge. The varsity of questions at the Delta Upsilon house revealed the interests of that brotherhood.

Dining with members of the staff of the University produces a different at-

mosphere. At almost any of the pleasant afternoon teas held at the home of President and Mrs. Williams, faculty members seem to find the opportunity to check on the activities of those not seen frequently. The praises of some special talented student group on the campus, the latest developments in world affairs, and informal discussions on the changing Lehigh scene constitute material for other smaller groups huddled in various parts of the house. Members of the English department usually get together at the campus home of Dr. and Mrs. Robert Smith about twice a year—not to answer the technical problems of plagiarism in in themes—but to find out what their associates know about current fiction, the present-day theatre, and world conflict. Sports do not monopolize the conversation at the dinner table of members of Lehigh's athletic staff. Coaches and their wives are besieged by questions about their kiddies, hobby interests, and coaches of other institutions and not the problems of subsidization or lack of victories during the past season at Lehigh. So much for teas, luncheons, and dinners.

Seeking publicity for Lehigh's athletic teams in as many sections of the nation as possible has brought up some interesting sidelights during the past two years. While giving sports writers of newspapers in Cleveland some pertinent information on the Lehigh football team which was to play Case School of Applied Science three days later, I was amazed to learn that sports writers and radio commentators in the lake city were not so sure as to the location of the Brown and White invaders. One interested and struggling radio man asked me why Lehigh was located near the heart of New Jersey's rich agricultural district. Evidently he was thinking of Rutgers' victorious teams and not the Engineers. Another chap frankly admitted that he never heard of Lehigh despite the fact that our teams had already played two contests with Case. At the hotel where I was staying, a clerk interrogated me on the distance of Lehigh from Bethlehem since my reservation had been made through Stuart Hockenbury, former Princeton tackle and now president of Bethlehem's Chamber of Commerce. The most embarrassing question which

I confronted was the indecision of a Case fan about Lehigh's speciality in the field of education. All of these proved to me that often high school and prep school graduates are not being foolish when they ask Lehigh alumni and faculty members questions on the same order.

But, there are some compensations in these travels. Last November, I was amused as I sat in the press box at Haverford to hear one of the select Haverford men comment that it's a crime that Lehigh does not realize the potential qualities of a renowned collegiate symphony orchestra instead of putting a colorful band on the football field. I have learned that sports writers like John Kieran of the *New York Times*; Dave Walsh, formerly of *The Philadelphia Record*; and Stan Baumgartner of *The Philadelphia Inquirer* respect the traditions and high scholastic ranking of Lehigh University and at the same time realize that in an athletic sense certain of the Brown and White teams are the doormat of annual opponents. I have also uncovered such gems of inside information as the tale told me by a sports writer on a New Jersey newspaper. He says he has received news items about local boys not from the University News Bureau, but on plain white sheets of paper, unsigned, but listing the latest accomplishments of a publicity craver. Observing the ethics and standards of his paper, he never ran the item in his paper until the story was confirmed by the regular news channel of the University.

Being rather close to publications on the campus, I had the opportunity to observe certain incidents which caused a great deal of consternation among members of the staff. Only recently, Eric Weiss tried to pull a fast one on the editorial staff of *The Brown and White*. He deliberately copied a column written by Pep White several seasons ago. Every page carried a proper slug line under Alfred Haft's name. Only after questioning Haft, and checking on the signature on the sheet bearing the names of competitors was Donald Schoen convinced that the whole thing was not legitimate. I also recall the Monday evening when J. Palmer Murphy, then editor-in-chief of the semi-weekly, dictated a lengthy article on a speech about a New York

college which he delivered. After two hours' work, Bob Stern learned it was all a hoax.

Just what does a press agent know about people which rarely gets into print? Many times students and alumni question me about existing issues which cannot be publicized until the complete machinery is set. Because of obvious reasons, it would be unwise for me to enumerate these at this time. But there are choice bits of news which would make good stories. Included in this category are Steve Smoke's hobby of reading and studying Shakespeare in his spare time, Fay Bartlett's ambition to write a book on walking and another on sportsmanship, the desire of Harmie to patent new types of athletic equipment, and the uprisings of students in small cliques to establish new humor and picture magazines on the campus.

Then there is a group of pioneers on the campus who have not been headlined because of their modesty and that other news items have crowded their accomplishments to the background. Among this group can be listed Carstens Haas and Raymond Maneval who were the guiding inspiration for the formation of Tone; Dick Ware who worked quietly and cautiously before it was announced that a new honorary was to exist at Lehigh in the form of a historical fraternity; "Skeets" Russell who labored during the summer of 1939 to produce the first Interfraternity booklet; Hazen Chase who is now trying to solve the problems of publishing a book for the class of 1944 before they arrive on the campus next September; Rod Turner who caught the flaming torch kindled by a news item in the *New York Herald Tribune* and actually organized and managed a hockey team; Norman Morse, together with Henry Heckman and Milton Spilberg, in organizing the Town Council; and Pete Morrissey who joined Matt Mann of the University of Michigan to found the Aquatic Forum in Florida.

Aspects of collegiate life not evident at Lehigh are often hailed as indicative of student interests and projects at other institutions all over the country. Lehigh freshman are not concerned in selecting their favorite books as part of their orientation week exer-

next page, please

**Bethlehem's Auto Glass  
Headquarters**

**MIKE'S  
Glass Works**

**Mirrors, Auto Safety Glass  
Window Glass**

*Installed While You Wait*

**Phone 3804**

**310 Brodhead Ave.**

**Endicott-Johnson  
Shoe Store**

**113 E. Third Street**

**BETTER SHOES  
FOR LESS MONEY**

ESTABLISHED 1901

**M<sup>C</sup>CAA**

**PHOTOGRAPHERS**

NEW LOCATION

**115 W. FOURTH ST.**

**BETHLEHEM, PA. PHONE 738**

**PORTTRAITS** of Quality. Created by experienced craftsmen.

**COMMERCIAL** photographs that render a scene, commodity, installation, etc., in their true value.

**KODAK DEVELOPING** as it should be done by trained men, who know that a film can be developed but once.

**KODAK PRINTING** with the aim to get the most out of each negative.

**FRAMES** that are designed to wear, preserve your most precious pictures.



## THINGS KEEP HAPPENING

from page thirteen

cises. At Amherst, freshmen selected "Gone With the Wind" as their favorite novel, but in seventh place was the Bible. At Princeton, Yale, Columbia, Bucknell, Penn State, and a host of others, annual polls are taken on such subjects as the outstanding personality of the world, the best dressed woman of America, candidates for presidential nominations. All of these yield publicity throughout the country.

Rules and regulations adopted by student governing councils and college deans often make headlines and prove that there must be limitations in all walks of life. Last month, because of an editorial attack in the student newspaper at Murray State College, Kentucky, a warning of expulsion for any co-eds who engage in public hugging and kissing was issued by President Richmond. The committee on student affairs at the University of Pennsylvania recently ruled that freshmen must not picket sororities because the girls refuse them dates. Following the tragic killing of Rachel Taylor at Penn

State, the Women's Student Government Association Senate ruled that women returning from vacations must sign in with a dormitory checker by 11 p. m. and week-end excursions cease after 10 p. m. on Sunday. A demand for the installation of automatic voting machines resulted in Pittsburgh late in April when students at Carnegie Tech were not satisfied with restrictions imposed by the Student Council during the annual election campaign period. All of these, undoubtedly, will be frowned upon by some students at the respective institutions.

Time and space will not permit me to list some of the silly, intelligent, and perplexing questions which come to the attention of the publicity office almost daily. There are requests for information to settle bets between fraternity members, there are queries for detailed statistical data about opposition athletic teams, there are demands for a complete listing of all articles and books written by faculty members, and there are frequent visits by athletes who wish to acquire pictures and clippings for their scrapbooks. The list is endless.

It has taken some time for us to become acquainted with the problems of an office founded to act as a public relations bureau for the University throughout the country. But, during the entire process of striving to meet all fair and honest demands, we have been able to observe youth in action. It appears to be very much like a doctor feeling the pulse of a patient. Sometimes the pulse is normal; then it jumps and falls. At each stage it proves that collegiate life is something still vital to youth of America.

## BONA FIDE SOLICITOR'S REPORT

### ASSIGNED

\_\_\_\_\_ has used all the money allowed by their budget for Lehigh advertising. No soap.

\_\_\_\_\_ manager is never there.

Called on him five times but ducked behind the counter when he saw me coming.

\_\_\_\_\_ said that she didn't have any money to advertise in the REVIEW this time. Too bad.

\_\_\_\_\_ has over-run their budget for Lehigh this year. He said that they could not advertise in any publication any more this year. A hell of a lot of people are running low on their advertising budget this spring.

\_\_\_\_\_ gave their ad to \_\_\_\_\_. I was robbed.

### UNASSIGNED

\_\_\_\_\_ are not putting an ad in this time. Simple isn't it.

\_\_\_\_\_ which is run by the \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ says that their Philadelphia office will not allow them to have any additional advertising.

Hurrah! at last in yesterdays deluge I landed one. \_\_\_\_\_ contracted for a 1/4 col. The contract and copy are attached.

### REQUESTS

Someplace where I can get a five year contract.

### POST SCRIPTS

What the hell is one line to use against "Budget Exhausted"?

## DRINKING Golden Guernsey Milk

*A Good Health Habit*

### AMERICA'S CHOICE TABLE MILK

**Deep Cream Line**  
**Appetizing Flavor**

**Rich Below Cream Line**  
**Unvarying Quality**



**Phone 4236**

*Ask for MOWRER'S ICE CREAM Every Time*



## ILLUSIONS

from page seven

Doris: You sound like this was the foist time that you'd ever heard of Harry and me . . . fer gawd's sake, can't I have a beau too, like all of you?

Gertrude: Of course you can, Dorry, but this is the closest we have ever gotten to this superman of yours and the shock's too much.

Doris: Yes, I suppose it is—

Peggy: I've simply got to go, girls, it's after six.

Gertrude: Yeah, me too, and you've got to get dressed fer your heavy date, Dorry.

Doris: I hope you had a good time.

Peggy (*risks and exits with Gertrude*): It was grand, Doris.

Gertrude: Yes, thanks loads, Dorry, and keep it clean tonight . . . but I don't guess we have to tell you nothing about men, hey, Dorry?

Doris: Not me, good-bye, goils.

(*The two girls exit . . . Doris stands watching the closed door for a moment then slowly sinks to the sofa, sniffing to herself. There is a knock at the door. Doris looks up as she dries her eyes.*)

Doris: Who is it?

A man's voice: It's me, Miss, the plumber, I've come to fix your sink.

Doris: Oh yes . . . (*She quickly puts on lipstick and rouge*) Won't you come in?

(*Enter a large, overalled plumber, whose heart is in his work.*) I just called up from downstairs . . . you sounded as if you thought I was somebody else, Miss.

Doris: Oh yes, I mistook your voice fer that of an old friend of mine. (*looks longingly at him*)

Plumber (*embarrassed*): Er . . . ah . . . the sink ma'am?

The End

**BORDA**  
**BARBER SHOP**  
CLEAN AND SANITARY  
5 Chairs  
315 South New Street

## DISC DATA

from page ten

*Boogie Woogie on St. Louis Blues* by Earl Hines is a peach. Hines' fingers fairly take off when he gets going on that piano of his. The selection is full of boog and blues as the title implies, and backgrounds of deep rhythm and muted brass add the necessary color. His band plays together surprisingly well for a Negro outfit. *Number 19* on the backside has punch, but it can't compare with *Blues*. (Bluebird)

Coleman Hawkins' *When Day is Done* has that full-bodied sax solo from beginning to end.

*Gabriel Meets the Duke* in a big way on Erskin Hawkins latest release. The trumpet and piano here is guaranteed stuff.

Duke Ellington brings forth one of his all-time bests this month with *Mood Indigo* and *Solitude*. There is much piano and sax here along with Ivy Anderson's singing that is always pleasing to the ear. (Columbia)

*Say it* and *Imagination* are two promising pop tunes. Dinah Shore's interpretation of these sure hits will certainly make you sit up and take notice if you haven't done so already. (Bluebird)

The Dipsy Doodler offers *Missouri Scrambler* and *Study in Modernism* to his fast failing following. Both are typical Clinton—trombones and all.

The new Broadway show "Louisiana Purchase" is chuckfull of Irving Berlin's latest efforts. Two of these, *Fools Fall In Love* and *You're Lonely and I'm Lonely* were waxed on Bluebird by Charlie Barnet. Mary Ann McCall helps out with the words.

Woody Herman has been coming along rapidly of late, and 'the band that plays the blues' is playing what the blues' lovers want to hear. *Blue Ink* and *Can This Be Love* is one of his latest recordings on Decca. Some other recent Decca releases are worth crowing about. John Kirby's *Royal Garden Blues* is magnificent. Then there's that up and coming Teddy Powell with *The One I Love*. It's only a current ditty, but Powell shows originality and promise in his arrangement of the piece.

We do not sell  
cheap coal —  
Save money by using  
good coal

**Calypso Coal Co.**  
PHONE 1670

**EARL H. GIER**  
JEWELER

129 West Fourth Street

Next to Post Office

PHONE 1067

**Morganstern's**  
**Esso Servicenter**

EFFICIENT AND EXPERT ATTENTION	CARS CALLED FOR AND DELIVERED
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Car Washing and Polishing

Twenty-four Hour  
Service

Broadway and Wyandotte  
PHONE 9261

**Bethlehem**  
**National**  
**Bank**

OFFERS ITS BANKING  
FACILITIES TO THE  
STUDENTS OF LEHIGH  
UNIVERSITY

**Third and Adams**

Member of  
Federal Reserve Bank

Member of  
Federal Deposit Insurance  
Corporation



**BON VOYAGE  
AND  
GOOD LUCK**

**Class of 1940**

**JOE KINNEY**

**UNION  
BANK  
AND  
TRUST  
COMPANY  
OF  
BETHLEHEM**

**STUDENTS' ACCOUNTS  
SOLICITED**

Member Federal Deposit  
Insurance Corporation

## WAR IS HELL

from page six

breaks—they turn and flee. The Nasties leap out of their trenches and start to pursue. It's a complete rout. Yes, a complete turn about.

Wait—this is a day of surprises. Hear those heavy explosions? They are land mines blowing the counter-attacking Nasties to atoms. A tremendous surprise to everyone. For the benefit of those who tuned in late, the Alleys attacked the Nasty position as a ruse, then retreated to draw the Nasties out of their positions, and then blew them up with land mines. A tremendous piece of military coordination.

Horribly mangled men cover the entire field. Their moans and screams are probably reaching your ears. The Nasties are sending out stretcher bearers underneath a Red Cross flag to carry the wounded away. Alley machine guns are firing at the stretcher bearers. Most of them are destroyed; the rest scurry to cover. For those of you who were perhaps surprised by this move, let me remind you that the 1940 International Code for Conducting War, article six, section eight, paragraph four, allows firing at Red Cross units with all weapons of less than fifty calibre. This is to prevent stagnation. If the Alleys had used anything heavier than machine guns they would have been penalized and the play recalled.

Do you know that for twelve ninety-eight you can buy a new two toned Ghastly gas mask for evening wear? Yes, at all the three hundred and fifty-nine Ghastly Gas Mask stores we are featuring this special offer. And with it we are giving absolutely free a thermite bomb. Just think, a two-toned gas mask of the latest design and a thermite bomb, both for only twelve ninety-eight. Now back to the battle.

Things have taken a turn for the better for the Alleys now. They scamper out of their fortifications and take possession of the field without much difficulty. They are hastily bayoneting all Nasty survivors and wounded. Directly to my front several Nasty nurses have been captured and the field officers are snatching a few minutes of relaxation by raping them. The private soldiers must content themselves with mutilating the wounded.

It is too early to assume that the day is won for the Alleys. The Nasty artillery is lobbing gas shells into this

area. This is the time when a Ghastly gas mask is really a necessity. Just a minute while I adjust mine and the broadcast will continue. First I snap the hood over my head with one simple movement. I then adjust the eye pieces. The gas is almost upon me but I am perfectly secure as soon as I place the mouthpiece in my mouth. Where is the mouthpiece? I must have mislaid it. My gawd, where is the damn thing. Gulp, I'm strangling. Gimme air. I gotta have air. I gotta—

Phone 5070 X-Ray Fitting

**KREIDLER'S  
SHOES**

**HONEST WEAR**

**314 S. New St., Bethlehem, Pa.**

"OFF THE CAMPUS"

**Suter's  
Dairy**

*Wholesale and Retail*

**PASTEURIZED**

**T. B. TESTED MILK**

**WEYHILL FARMS**

**CERTIFIED MILK**

**1437 LORAIN STREET**

**Phone 2627**

---

## WALBERT and BURLINGAME

---

**PLUMBING, HEATING  
and REPAIRING**

---

Phone 914 or 5856

---

A show girl leads a hard life. All the women talk about her right in front of her face and the men talk about her behind. —*Punch Bowl*

---

*Bricker's*  
**BREAD**

---

Wife—What makes you think we are getting near a big city, dear?

Motorist (doing 70)—We're hitting more people. —*Topper*

---

Prof: "What's a skeleton?"

Frosh: "A stack of bones with all the people scraped off." —*Widow*

---

**Phones: 1047 - 2923**

IN BETHLEHEM IT'S

**TRIMBLE**

FOR

**Fruit and Produce  
Fish and Oysters**

**115-119 West Third Street**

**We Cater to Fraternities**

---

The loving couple were passing through a field in their wanderings, when they espied a cow and bull doing the equivalent of necking together. The fellow turned lovingly to his girl friend.

"I'd like to do the same thing," he murmured softly to her.

"Go right ahead," she replied covly; "I'll wait here for you." —*Varieties*

---

**HOWARD R.  
LAUFER**

**WE MAKE KEYS**

**HARDWARE, GLASS  
FURNACES, ROOFING  
Paints, Oils, Varnishes**

Phone 990

**411 WYANDOTTE STREET**

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Estimates Cheerfully Furnished

Phone 871

**F. J. MITMAN**

**Painter and Decorator**

*Come in and see our new 1940*

*WALL PAPER Styles*

**BPS Paints and Varnishes**

---

543 N. New St., Bethlehem, Pa.

---

No, Miss Lentz, a neckerchief is not the president of a sorority.

—*Sundial*

---

Nothing added to it, nothing taken from it, but there is **GOODNESS and HEALTH** in every bottle of

**Norbeth Dairy  
MILK**

*Try It  
Compare It  
Buy It*

---

**Special Delivery Service, Too!**

---

"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup."

"The poor thing must have lost its balance. It was sitting on the rim of the bowl when I brought your soup in." —*Bump*

---



---

**WEIDNER'S  
SERVICE STATION  
GULF GAS AND OIL**

**Expert Lubrication - Washing**  
Corner Broadway and Carlton Ave.

---

Collector: Is your husband home.  
Blonde: Why?

Collector: I want to collect the in-  
stallment on that sofa.

Blonde: Sh!! he'll be going out in  
a few minutes. —*Varieties*

---

**THE LEHIGH REVIEW**  
and many other publications are  
printed by the

**TP**  
**Times Publishing Co.**  
526 Main St., Bethlehem, Pa.

---

A lady had three dogs which she  
called "Blackie," "Whitey" and "Pad-  
erwurufsky." She called the white one  
"Whitey" because he was the whitest;  
the black one "Blackie" because he was  
the blackest, and the third one "Pad-  
erwurufsky" because he was the pianist.

—*Voo Doo*

---

**THE  
STAR BARBER**  
OF FOURTH STREET  
(OPPOSITE POST OFFICE)

---

Co-ed: "We must be getting home  
... we girls are out after hours."

Freshman: "We're out after ours,  
too." —*Lampoon*

---

**QUALITY TAILORING  
LEO BROWN**

13 E. Packer Ave. Phone 1420

---

It's all right to tell a girl she has  
pretty ankles but don't compliment her  
too highly. —*Exchange*

---

You're an apt boy. Is your sister apt,  
too?"

"If she gets a chance, she's apt to."  
—*Wampus*

---

**Allentown  
Tile and Marble Company**  
221 North Sixth Street  
Allentown

ANDREW ROSSETTI, Proprietor

---

Iceman (entering kitchen with a  
cake of ice): "Hello, sonny."

Little Boy: "Hey, bud, when you say  
that—smile!"

—*Voo Doo*

---

From my files, cross-indexed under  
both "aquarium" and "gender," comes  
this little household hint on how to  
tell whether your goldfish is a boy or  
girl: To the water in the goldfish bowl  
add one-half ounce of sulphuric acid.  
If he comes floating to the top, he is a  
boy; and if she comes floating to the  
top, she is a girl. —*Exchange*

---

The world's greatest optimist is the  
old maid who pulls down a folding  
bed and then looks under it.

—*Exchange*

---

**DO YOU KNOW**

... That so anxious was Philadel-  
phia's General Court to encourage  
local hop growing, that in 1704 they  
passed a law laying a heavy duty on  
the foreign article.

*We Know You'll Enjoy*

**SUPREME**

In Cans, Bottles, Kegs  
South Bethlehem Brewing Co.

---

The Psychology Department has  
taken a survey of the questions college  
girls ask about prospective dates' per-  
sonality. The girls were interviewed to  
discover what questions were most fre-  
quently asked when boys were men-  
tioned. This is the way the psychologi-  
cal probing turned out.

Bryn Mawr girls—"What's he like?"

Wellesley girls—"What's his family  
background?"

Mount Holyoke girls—"How intel-  
ligent is he?"

Skidmore—"How religious is he?"

Smith—"Where is he?"

—*Jack-o-lantern*

---

## PARTIES BANQUETS LUNCHEONS

### OUR SPECIALTY

## The Old SUN INN

MacARTHUR DAUCHY, Prop.

Phone 1930

She: "We're going to give the bride a shower."

Puritan: "Count me in. I'll bring the soap." —*Covered Wagon*

Lastly we hasten to point out that while every man has his wife, only the iceman has his pick

—*Mountain Goat*

Secretary: Boss, I've got a new position.

Boss: Fine. Let's try it. —*Mercury*

## SELECTED FOODS HARTER'S

WHOLESALE

FOOD

SUPPLIES

Phone . . . . 2707-2708

Co-ed: "I was out with one of the boys from the basketball team last night."

Friend: "In what position does he play?"

Co-ed: "Think I'd tell?"

—*Kickapoo*

Law Prof. (at registration) — So you're a pre-legal, eh?

Student—Like hell. I'm the youngest in our family. —*Kangaroo*

## FRED C. SALBER

### New York Life Insurance Company

707 PAWNEE STREET

"TEASE"

JOYS KILL MORE

I always hoped that I would see

A girl as lovely as a tree.

A girl that looks at me all day,

Whose lips to me all night would pray.

Upon whose bosom I could have lain,

Who would have necked with might

and main,

Whose lips would meet with mine with

zest,

Whose form would boast a lovely

breast.

God alone creates a tree,

But, God, could I create with thee!

—*Jack-o-lantern*

## THE PURITY FOOD MARKET

THANKS YOU FOR YOUR  
PATRONAGE DURING  
THE YEAR

Meats, Groceries, Produce

PHONE 6058

"You don't love me anymore."

"Never did. You were just a passing fancy—just hips that pass in the night." —*The Owl*

Chaste—never chased.

Chased—never chaste. —*Voo Doo*

Is your daughter prepared for the forthcoming trip around the world?

Perfectly, she can say "no" in fifteen languages. —*Log*

## CLEARANCE SALE

ALL COLLEGE  
SEAL JEWELRY

25%

DISCOUNT

## Lehigh Stationery Company

Office Equipment and Supplies

14 W. 4th St., Bethlehem, Pa.

Phone 1284

# University Show

All the scenes are laid in Bethlehem or vicinity

SCENE	IT'S A FACT THAT:
I THE CANAL BANK 1865	Asa Packer DID own a canalboat and he DID found Lehigh University in the presence of a bishop.
II CHRISTMAS HALL 1866	Lehigh's first class WAS held in Christmas Hall (an old Moravian Church). Lehigh's first colors WERE a girl's stocking.
III FOOTBALL FIELD OUTSIDE EASTON 1884	Lehigh DID play Lafayette for the first time in 1884. Lehigh - 0; Lafayette - 52. Richard Harding Davis DID participate.
IV MIBB'S LABORATORY 1889	Lehigh DID nearly close in 1889 due to a stock market crash. Her alumni DID save her.

*BOOK by Eric Weiss*  
*MUSIC and LYRICS by Dave Hughes*

"PERSONS TROUBLED WITH ANACHRONISMS WILL FIND  
THAT BICARBONATE OF SODA BRINGS A QUICK RELIEF."



## CANAL BANK—1865

(Enter mule pulling canal boat. Asa Packer singing "Get Along Old Lafayette.")

Asa—Get up thar Lafayette, you no good mule, get along, *Git Goin*.

(No response from the mule.)

Asa—Joe, see what's the matter with Lafayette . . . Joe . . . JOE!

(Joe appears strolling along the canal bank with his arm around Ann's waist.)

Joe—Yes, Mr. Packer?

Asa—See what's the matter with that half-witted mule.

Joe—It ain't the mule, Mr. Packer. It's the canal lock.

Asa—What about the canal lock?

Joe—It's closed.

Asa—Well open it.

Joe—Yes sir, I mean . . . where is . . . how do ya . . . I mean yes sir.

(Asa fumes while Joe fiddles.)

Asa—Well . . . ?

Joe—I don't know how . . .

Asa—Mein gott . . . You dumm kopf!!! A six year old child could open that thing.

Joe—I aint been six years old for a long time.

Asa—Heilige Himmel!!! Du verdamnte schweinhund. . .

Ann—Mr. Packer, Mr. Packer, there's the bishop!

(Bishop has been sitting on the canal bank fishing.)

Asa—Dunner wetter, where?

Bish—Don't mind me, Asa, it's my day off.

Asa—Fish bitin'?

Bish—Haven't noticed.

Asa—You haven't noticed?

Bish—No, Asa, I just came down here to meditate with the spirit. (*Takes a swig.*) Now let's have a look at that lock. Hmmmmm.

Asa—Is she opening?

Bish—Hmmmmm . . . now let's see . . .

Joe—Take a look at this here thing they got tied to the lock.

Bish—Ahhhh, a book of instructions. Just what we need. Give it to me, Joe. Hmmm.

Ann—Look, Joe, he's reading it!

Joe—Yea, I almost learned to read my first primmer onct.

Ann—Oh Joe, I just love educated men.

Asa—What does it say, Bishop?

Bish—Well, Asa, I'm a college man. I got two degrees and five letters after

my name, but this has me stopped. It's worse than chewing gum in the collection plate.

Ann—What does it say?

Bish—It's all about levers, swivels and ratchets and the like. It's beyond me . . .

Asa—Well, I just got to get this load of turnips to Easton.

Ann—And Joe and I want to get married . . .

Bish—(*Reading the book*) Now that's all right . . .

Ann—We're eloping. We ran away from Allentown.

Bish—(*Still in book*) . . . and that makes sense. . .

Ann—And we're on our way to Easton . . .

Bish—(*More of the same*) . . . but that's screwy . . .

Joe—It'd be awful to be stranded here . . .

Bish—(*Coming out of it*) Oh, not so bad. Look at that beautiful view. (*The audience of course.*)

Asa—Let the landscape alone. Can't any of you do anything about that canal lock?

(*He looks at the Bishop, Joe, Ann and finally at the mule. They all shake their heads dismally.*)

Asa—By God, I know what I'll do . . .

Bish—Buy another railroad? (*Asa shakes his head to the contrary.*)

Joe—Get plastered?

Asa—No, by Harry, I'm going to start a place where people can learn how to do things. How to use their heads and their hands.

Ann—Oh, Joe . . . !

Asa—I'm going to build an institution of technical knowledge.

Bish—That's quite an idea, Asa.

Asa—It's the solution for everything. I've got that five hundred thousand and I picked up on my chain of pin-ball machines. I'd have to declare that on my income tax. This'll solve everything.

Ann—I think that's marvelous, Mr. Packer. What will you call it?

Asa—Well . . . I've got the Lehigh Coal Company, and the Lehigh Railroad, and the Lehigh Canal (*He could keep this up all night*) and they're all making money . . . I'll call it the Lehigh College . . . no, wait a minute . . . University sounds bigger . . . Lehigh University! Pretty good, eh?

Bish—It's OK Asa, but what about

the faculty?

Asa—I hadn't thought of that . . .

(*At this very moment by an amazing coincidence Mibbs enters, typical confidence man and Mississippi riverboat gambler.*)

Mibbs—Good afternoon, gentlemen. Can I be of any service?

Asa—What's your game?

Mibbs—Game? Anything you say. (*He flashes a deck of cards.*)

Asa—Gamblin your profession?

Mibbs—Not exactly, there isn't much I haven't done. I get around about as much as Mrs. Roosevelt, and I've had my nose in just as many things.

Asa—Do you know anything about canal locks?

Mibbs—I might. Let's have a look at it.

(*Mibbs twists a few jiggers and damnifit doesn't open.*)

Ann—It's opening . . . Oh, how wonderful!

Asa—Just the man I've been looking for.

Bish—Say, Asa, *there's* the man for your faculty.

Asa—Hey, there's an idea. Young man, how would you like a job as a professor?

Mibbs—Well, I might.

Asa—You don't want to turn down a chance to be the first professor of Lehigh University.

Mibbs—I never heard of it.

Asa—Neither has anybody else yet. But they will, sure as my name's Asa Packer.

Mibbs—Asa Packer? Well say! My name is Mibbs; J. Adlethorp Mibbs. (*They shake.*) What would you pay a professor to start?

Asa—I'll give you board and keep and five dollars a week.

Mibbs—Indeed. Some one has misinformed me of your generosity.

Asa—Why those are princely wages, sir. Princely!

Mibbs—Yes?

Asa—That's what my deck hand gets. You're satisfied, aren't you Joe?

Ann—Better say yes, Joe.

Joe—I sure am. Ann says I am.

Asa—Well, will you take it?

Mibbs—Mr. Packer, only because of my great respect for you and because of my need for an immediate position, I will accept the chair.

Asa—Good. (*More hand shaking.*)

Bish—Have you done any teaching

before, son?

Mibbs—Why, that is, yes.

Bish—Why did you leave?

Mibbs—Well, err, ahh, I wanted to get a better position.

Asa—Now let's have the truth.

Mibbs—Well, I was thrown out.

Asa—Yes. Why?

Mibbs—Because I . . .

Bish—Careful now. There's a lady present . . .

Mibbs—Because I said that someday the Democrats would elect a President and things would be different.

Ann—Ohhhhhhh (*She clings to Joe.*)

Bish—My God!

Asa—I regret now that I did not find out all about you, Mr. Mibbs, before I made the contract. But in spite of what I know now, you are still the first professor of Lehigh University. You had better keep those liberal ideas to yourself.

Mibbs—Mr. Packer, I don't like to do this, but . . . I'm a little hard pressed. Could you let me have an advance on my salary? These are hard times you know.

Asa—You're absolutely right. Times are hard. Here is a loan of two bits . . .

Mibbs—That's very kind of you, sir.

Asa—At six percent. (*Gives him the money.*) Well, with a professor hired I guess we're all set.

Bish—The last thing; some students.

Asa—Well, Joe will go.

Ann—If Joe goes then I want to go too.

Asa—What about it professor?

Mibbs—That's completely out of the question.

Bish—Completely.

Ann—Why? I want to be with Joe.

Joe—Sure. Gee whiz, Mr. Packer, you gotta have girls around.

(*As you might suspect, this is the title of a song.*)

From the coast of Japan to the Argentine plain,

In the wilds of Sudan, in the mountains of Spain,

No matter where you're bound, you gotta have girls around.

In the Levenworth Pen, in the Palace of Hague

Every man over ten has an eye for a leg.

Why even on Long Island Sound they've gotta have girls around.

For the men of the north are husky;  
And the southern men hate waiting.

Even folks in Upper Sandusky

Take time out for mating.

On the arctic plateau, in the tropical zone

No man's got any go if he's always alone;

For all the world has found you gotta have girls around.

Cris Columbus, we read, didn't end up so well.

He'd done better if he'd stayed with Queen Isabelle.

For humble or renowned, you gotta have girls around.

Way back in the garden of Eden

The good Lord made Eve for Adam,  
For He knew what men were needin'  
And since then they've had 'em.

Old King Solomen knew about lovin' and such;

Said you might have too few but you can't have too much.

The theory there is sound, you gotta have girls around.

The demand is the same, the supply has to reach

From the dime-a-dance dame to the debs at Palm Beach.

For wearing rags or gowned, you gotta have girls around.

You can go ask your dad or the man in the park,

For it's not just a fad. It's as old as the ark,

And even them that drowned; they used to have girls around.

Now many men have a shy trait

But they lose it sooner or later;

For not even potassium nitrate

Makes man a woman hater.

So our history shows and the wise men have said

Just what any man knows who has sense in his head—

Until you're under ground, you gotta have girls around.

Mibbs—But my dear, the college is on the other side of the river. In south Bethlehem. What would people say? A nice girl in south Bethlehem. It's unheard of.

Ann—Wellll, maybe you're right.

Bish—I believe my views on higher education are very liberal, but education of both men and women in the same university is out of the question. Now you have one student for your university, but it's not legal to start with only one. You have to have two.

Asa—(*In deep thought*) I have to have two, eh? Can you think of anybody that would want to go?

Bish—Not just off hand. He ought to be interested in mechanical things; canals and canal boats.

Asa—Canals and canal boats, Hmmm. I have it!!! I know just the one for the other student. I'll send the mule!!

Bish—You can't send a mule to a university.

Mibbs—People do it all the time.

Asa—It's my university and I'll send anybody to it that I want to. If I want a mule to go, I'll send a mule.

Bish—But a lop-eared, moth-eaten, red and white monstrosity like that . . .

Asa—Don't you talk that way about Lafayette. Anyway, he's not red and white, he's maroon and white.

Mibbs—He won't be the only mule getting exposed to higher education.

Asa—He'll go. (*He unties mule*) What do you say, Lafayette? How would you like to go to a university and learn all about canals and things? Hey, how would you like to go to the Lehigh University, Asa Packer, founder? (*Mule shakes his head and brays*) What do you mean, no? You ornery mule, you. You'll do what you're told. (*He picks up a club and begins beating mule*) You'll go to school whether you like it or not. (*Mule breaks loose and scampers across the stage, braying. At the far side he stops and the front and rear ends have an argument. They separate and the rear end stands up, shakes his fist and shouts . . .*)

Rear End—I'll show you. I'll show you. I'll go to Easton and start a college. I'll start Lafayette College!

CURTAIN

## Scene 2

### THE FIRST CLASS

(*Asa, Joe and Ann are discovered outside the first class room: A converted Moravian Church. The chorus is with them, waxing sentimental over a pot-boiler.*)

Chorus—

I've told my heart that it's you, or no one.

You'll be a part of my view, or no one. Though joys we know may be fleeting, This sweet meeting

Will be ever repeating

I've told my heart that it's now, or never.

Our bliss will start with a vow, for ever.



I'm tired of waiting and heaven is due  
For I've told my heart it's you.

Joe—

I'm not the kind of guy to say a lot,  
But every day a lot  
Of things to say to you occur to me.

*(He and Ann then repeat the refrain  
and after that the chorus does it until  
everyone is pretty sick of the thing.)*

Asa—Well, Joe, are you all ready  
to start in on your first day of college?

Joe—I sure am, Mr. Packer.

Asa—Have you bought your books?

Joe—Yes, sir, just a minute . . .

*(He runs off stage.)*

Ann—Oh, Mr. Packer. Isn't he  
wonderful!

*(Joe is staggering back under as  
many books as he can carry.)*

Joe—Here they are Mr. Packer.

Asa—Boy! that's a lot of books.  
It must be fine to be able to read as  
many books as that. I bet you've got  
damn near every book in the world  
there.

Joe—There's a funny thing about  
these books, Mr. Packer, every one  
of them cost six dollars.

Asa—Six dollars, that's a lot of  
money.

Joe—And there's another funny  
thing.

Asa—Yesss?

Joe—Every one of them was written  
by Professor Mibbs.

Asa—It sure must be swell to have  
a real education. That's what I admire  
about Mibbs.

*(Enter Mibbs at left.)*

Mibbs—Good morning, Mr. Packer.  
Good morning, Ann. Good morning,  
Joe. All ready for school I see. *(He is  
looking at the books.)*

Joe—Yes sir. *(He is not happy.)*

Asa—How are things with you pro-  
fessor?

Mibbs—Oh I can't complain. Six  
dollars here, six dollars there, it all  
adds up.

*(He sings—)*

I've never had much speed;  
The most I make is just chicken feed,  
But I keep packin' it in my sack 'n it  
all adds up.

The kind of clothes I wear  
Would never do for a millionaire,  
But though my buttons aren't Barbara  
Hutton's it all adds up.

I just try to collar

A dollar or two a day.

I've not got lots but still it's OK.,

Someday I may.

I'm going slow but sure;

I've got no time for l'amour toujours  
Though you may go for it, I'll save  
dough for it all adds up.

Joe—

See here, professor

You've got the wrong slant on that.

You better recant on that.

You're going too far.

It's clear, professor

Wealth isn't enough of life;

For love is the stuff of life.

No matter who you are

All the world, the small and great,  
awaits love,

And for everyone kind fate creates  
love.

Mibbs—

I hates love.

Ann—

But look . . .

I'm not the kind of fem

Who gleams with glamor for M-G-M

Joe—

But you're so sweet you're a double  
feature.

It all adds up.

My face is fairly foul;

I can't hold liquor like William Powell

Ann—

But you seem keen to me. What you  
mean to me

All adds up.

Both—

Why should I have fallen?

It's all in the dark to me.

We must just trust and maybe we'll  
see.

What can it be?

Ann—

Can't sing like Lily Pons.

Joe—

You're not as smooth as a lot of  
blondes . . . *(This is more than any  
girl should have to put up with and  
Joe has to do some fast explaining.)*

Mibbs—

Well, you can go for it. I'll save dough  
for

It all adds up.

*(Enter Bishop at left.)*

Bish—Good morning, everyone.

All—Hi, Bishop.

Bish—School starts today, eh?

Asa—Sure does.

Mibbs—It's a nice day for the first  
day of school.

Bish—It certainly is. It's as pretty  
a Saturday morning as we've had all

summer.

Joe—That's another thing, Mr.  
Packer.

Asa—What's the matter, Joe?

Joe—This Saturday class business.  
No matter what I do to my schedule,  
it comes out with four classes on Sat-  
urday.

Bish—That's life son, if you didn't  
have Saturday classes, you'd be kick-  
ing about your eight o'clocks. You  
can't have egg in your beer.

Ann—But Joe, darling, I'll never  
get a chance to see you.

Joe—There, Ann, you mustn't feel  
bad.

*(He sings)—*

Dry those tears, beloved. Be not sad.  
We'll recall the many happy days  
we've had.

There's no good in wishing for the  
moon.

Enjoy the sweet for time is fleet

And all is over soon. Remember . . .

When life is grim and leaves you numb  
You can be sure the worst is yet to  
come.

But, what do you want? Egg in your  
beer?

You'd like to change and start anew,  
But every time you try the bills come  
due.

But what do you want? Egg in your  
beer?

You might suppose that things would  
let up

And give you a little rest.

But goodness knows you're just a set  
up

At best . . .

So joys go dead and troubles thrive,

And this goes on as long as you're  
alive,

And maybe you guess that it's the  
payoff,

Never the less you better lay off

Beggin' for egg in your beer.

You get a date, it's only blind

And ten to one she'll be the clinging  
kind.

But what do you want? Egg in your  
beer?

You go to Joe's but that's a slip:

She holds more likker than a battleship,

But what do you want? Egg in your  
beer?

Perhaps some day your lovely lady

Will fall for a handsome beau,

But now you'd say she's cold as eighty  
Below. And so . . .

At last you're clear, the scene is set.



She starts to talk about the men she's met—  
Well what can you do? There's no use trying  
Say toodle-oo. But don't start crying  
You can't have egg in your beer.

You write the folks you're doing fine  
And then you get a Curtis Valentine.  
But what do you want? Egg in your beer?

Your roommate's broke so you're a pal;  
You lend him dough and then he snakes your gal.

But what do you want? Egg in your beer?

The first four years you strain and suffer

You're living on tender hooks.

It then appears that life is tougher  
Than books. Gad Zooks! . . .

To graduate you do your best,  
They're sure to flunk you on the swimming test,

And maybe you hope you'll learn to love it—

Don't be a dope. You better shove it.  
You can't have egg in your beer.

Mibbs—Hadn't we better get started pretty soon?

Bish—Well, there are one or two things that ought to be attended to before a real college can get started.

Asa—More money?

Bish—No, not that. More important things. All good colleges have college colors.

Asa—College colors, eh? How many do we need?

Bish—Two will be enough. One for the walls and one for the wood work. Pick two that you like.

Asa—Two colors that I like, hey? Let's see . . .

(Enter a lulu. She slowly crosses the stage in front of the goggle-eyed group.)

Asa—I've got 'em! I know. There they are. Look there, Bishop. See 'em!

Bish—I don't see them. What do you mean? Where?

Asa—Right there. See 'em! Ain't they pretty! (sottovoice) Psst, Mibbs.

(With elaborate pantomime he signals Mibbs to stop her. While the Bishop takes Ann to one side to shield her from the horrible thing about to happen, Joe gets behind the lulu and Mibbs pushes. Over she goes, and from a sea of petticoats two brown and white stockinged legs appear and wave majestically. In a moment more

Mibbs (you can't blame us, this is history) has a stocking off and is helping her to her feet with many apologies. She flounces off.)

Asa—See Bishop! Brown and white! They're my colors. Brown and white for Lehigh. Gee they're pretty!

Bish—Those are nice colors, Asa. Brown and white are nice colors for a new college.

Joe—Then we're pretty near ready to go now.

Mibbs—Lehigh University is as good as under way.

Asa—Yep, I guess I've gone and done it now.

### FOOTBALL FIELD

(Enter two Pennsylvania dutch farmers. This is done very verry slowly.)

Gus—What are they gonna do here today?

Jake—Doncha know?

Gus—Noooo.

Jake—They're gonna play football.

Gus—Say na!

Jake—Sure.

Gus—Who's playing?

Jake—Stoodints.

Gus—Say na!

Jake—Sure.

Gus—What's it like?

Jake—Doncha know?

Gus—Noooo.

Jake—One bunch of stoodints tries to kill another bunch.

Gus—Say na!

Jake—Sure.

Gus—Why do they do it?

Jake—Stoodints is all crazy.

Gus—Sure. (He goes on ahead.)

Aintcha coming?

Jake—Nooo. I gotta sing a song once.

(This is it)—

There's a gal in town,

Down in Allentown,

She's the queen all the fellows talk about.

Their hearts ache for her,

They're on the make for her.

She don't care. She won't let them take her out.

But every night by the light

From the glow on the hotel

They come down to where she lives.

She is cold and aloof,

But they climb on her roof

And then here is what it gives . . .

Will you let me walk along with you?  
Won't you give your hand so I can squeeze it?

Ain't it so the time and place for two;  
Ain't it now the thing to do?

All the while the weather, it makes fine.

Honest you should let me go with, say now.

Let me hear you whisper, Aw go way now.

Let me hear you say you're mine.

(Gus comes back with a skirt and wig and they do a dance or as close as they can come to one. At the end of the dance they exit. Enter Richard Harding Davis and the Lehigh football team in V formation.)

Davis—Now I know you all want to win and will fight hard to win. The important thing is that this is Lehigh's first intercollegiate football game and that the eyes of the nation, nay, the eyes of the world are upon us. Therefore, gentlemen, we must show every consideration to our hosts and worthy opponents. They are Lafayette men and we mean to smash them. But we must smash them fairly or not at all. Play to win, but play to win honestly!

(Enter Mibbs. His beard is longer.)

Mibbs—Well said, Davis, well said.

Players—Hey Mibbsy, give us a good word.

Davis—Yes, professor, have you some advice for us?

Mibbs—I don't think that I can add anything to what Mr. Richard Harding Davis has said, except, go in there, fellows, and take your usual licking.

All—Hurray for Mibbsy!

Davis—Thank you professor.

(Enter from the opposite side the Lafayette team.)

Ratgoff—Is dis da Lehigh team?

Davis—It is. My name is Davis. Glad to meet you. (He tries to shake.)

Rat—Let's get goin'. I got da referee.

Davis—He is here, I presume?

Rat—Yea. Hey Pete.

(Pete comes over to them.)

Davis—How do you do.

Pete—Hi, rube.

Davis—What starting procedure do you use?

Rat—Pete, here throws in the ball, and den gives da whistle and den we go fer it.

Davis—Isn't that a little out of the ordinary?

Pete—That's the way we always start, see!

Mibbs—*(Sotto voice to Davis)* Remember you're a gentleman.

Davis—Very well. That system is satisfactory to us.

Rat—O.K. Just a minute while I give my team a pep talk.

Davis—Surely.

*(The Lafayette team goes to one side. Ratgoff gets up on a box and is about to begin when in comes a guy with a well painted pippin. Every one whistles, including the three spectators who have wandered in, probably by mistake. Mibbs is aghast.)*

Mibbs—See here, young man, don't you know that it's against all the rules to bring a lady to a football game?

Guy—Yes sir, but I didn't think the Lehigh-Lafayette game would count as football. *(This slays the dame. They both go into gales of laughter.)*

Mibbs—Please! Please! Have you no self respect. I shall have to ask you both to leave at once.

Dame—O.K. grandpa. We were just going. Say . . . next time you shave, send me a piece for my pillow.

*(They exit with much whistling by all.)*

Players—Hey, who was that? Some stuff! Hot mama! etc.

Rat—Don't you guys know her? That's Sue the campus widow. About eight years ago she was a good girl.

*Singing—*

Oh, once there was a freshman by the name of Bill,  
Who lived in a fraternity on the hill.  
He had a girl in town who's name was Susan Brown.

All—

Susan Brown!

She was a good good girl  
Too good for Willy a good good girl  
Too good for Willy a good good girl  
Too good for Willy, too good, too good

Too good to be true.

Rat—

Now Bill would go to see her every Saturday night,

And they'd sit on the sofa in the brightest light.

He thought that it was grand if she would let him hold her hand.

All—

Hold her hand! She was a good etc.

Rat—

She let him send her orchids and boxes of fruit,

She told him that the way he wore his necktie was cute,

And Bill thought he was set, but he hadn't even kissed her yet.

All—

Kissed her yet! She was a good etc.

Rat—

Bill told her he was pining and he'd waste away

Unless she let him come to see her every day.

But Suzy called his bluff, she told him once a week's enough.

All—

Just enough! She was a good etc.

Rat—

One night when Bill was boning for a re-exam,

His feet began to itch him and he couldn't cram;

He put his slide rule down and said he'd go and see Miss Brown.

All—

The Miss Brown.

Rat—

But when he turned the corner his surprise was great.

A Packard coupe was parking by her front gate,

And all the lights were out but Willy heard somebody shout:

All—

Shout it out! She was a good, good, etc.

*(If any women have come in during the number [and we hope some have] they go out after that and things go on as though nothing had happened.)*

Rat—*(Up on his box again)* Now listen fellers. There's three ways you can win a football game. You can be smart, or you can be big, or you can play dirty. Now those Lehigh boys are bigger than we are, so that's out. And they're way smarter, so that's out. So I want you all to go in there and fight, Fight, FIGHT! Now everybody get himself a horse shoe.

*(Pete takes a blanket off his arm and deals out the shoes.)*

Davis—All right, men, lets go!

*(Teams line up with Pete between them.)*

Pete—Now, you guys, I'm the referee, see. What I say goes, see. And if there's any rough stuff from you, Lehigh, you'll get penalized toity yards, see?

Davis—How about Lafayette?

Pete—You tend to playing the game. I'll take care of Lafayette, see. *(Aside)* And how!

Davis—I don't think that's being

quite fair.

Pete—Listen, you want to get wise, ham? Now I'll toss the coin for choice of goals. *(Tosses coin. Turns it over once or twice, showing it to no one.)* Lafayette wins!

Davis—Now wait a minute . . .

Pete—Shut up, you! Take your pick of goals, Lafayette. I'd take that one there. It's up on a little hill.

Rat—We'll take that one.

Davis—Now hold on . . .

Pete—Lehigh is penalized 12 points for holding up the game.

Davis—Hey!

Pete—And six points more for going against the referee. The score is now Lafayette 18, Lehigh nothing. Are you ready?

Davis—Time out. *(To Ratgoff.)* I don't want to sound harsh but to be frank don't you think that he is just a little prejudiced against us?

Rat—Oh, I wouldn't say prejudiced.

Davis—Well, wouldn't he be happier if you had him playing on your team instead of pretending to be referee.

Rat—I think he's doing pretty well where he is.

Davis—That's true. But my point is that if he is referee much longer Lehigh will go home.

Rat—We'd hate to have that happen.

Davis—Why don't you take him out of that job and put him in at quarterback where he belongs?

Rat—Then who'd be referee?

Davis—Professor Mibbs, there, is a good honest man.

Rat—He won't do.

Davis—Either Mibbs gets the job, or we quit. *(To Mibbs.)* How would you like to referee the game?

Mibbs—Oh, I couldn't do it.

Davis—There's nothing to it, Professor. Any fool can referee a football game.

Mibbs—Then why don't you do it?

Davis—Oh, no. We haven't got enough men on the team now.

Mibbs—Well, what do I have to do?

Davis—It's very simple. The two teams line up and you take the ball, throw it out, and blow the whistle.

Mibbs—Throw out the ball and blow the whistle.

Davis—Right. First throw out the ball and then blow the whistle. And from then on I'll tell you what to do.

Mibbs—All right, let's try it.



Davis—Let's go.

*(Teams in place. Mibbs between them with the ball. He is all excited. He tries to blow the ball and throw the whistle. At last he blows the whistle. The teams crash together and go down in a heap. At this point the three spectators [who have stuck it out till now] go over and excavate Mibbs, who comes up still holding the ball. They dust him off and remove several horse shoes from his beard. They are very collegiate and wear bear skin coats and carry pen-nants. They try to revive him in the best campus tradition. But he will have none of it.)*

Mibbs—*(Singing)*

Why, the three foulest things that a man can imbibe

Are whiskey, beer and rum.

The terriblest curse on the whole human tribe

Is whiskey, beer and rum.

Never touch the stuff, my lad,

It will make your morals bad,

Make your dear old mother sad.

Stick to Wrigly's gum, chum!

Quartet—

Look what it done to me.

I was a gay young lad till then,

Didn't know good from bad till then;

Look what it done to me.

1st Spect—

My mother had told me to never be seen

Drinking whiskey, beer and rum;

For your hair will turn grey and your skin will turn green

Drinking whiskey, beer and rum.

I was strong and sober too,

Always did as I should do,

Then I came to Lehigh U . . .

Cursed be the day that I come.

Chorus—

Look what it done, etc.

2nd Spect—

When I was a boy we had nothing to drink

Only whiskey, beer and rum.

No hot or cold water on tap at the sink,

Only whiskey, beer and rum.

We were never sad or ill,

Never had a care until

Father went and sold the still,

Now I'm a broken down bum.

Chorus—

Look what it done, etc.

3rd Spect—

For seven semesters I'd polish and cram

Without whiskey, beer and rum.

I never was tardy or flunked an exam

Without whiskey, beer and rum.

I wore out three pairs of glasses,

Brought down A's in all my classes,

'Then I took a course with those horses'

a——. *(He is censored.)*

Chorus—

Look what it done, etc.

### THE CRASH (1889)

*(Open on Mibbs' laboratory: Great gleaming coils and fantastic machinery. Mibbs sits at his desk reading a newspaper. His beard is again longer and he is smoking a cigar which he tosses into a beaker as the curtain opens. The beaker flashes and sends up a thick column of smoke. Mibbs pays no attention. There is a knock at the door.)*

Mibbs—Come in! Come in! *(Enter reporter.)*

Reporter—Professor Mibbs?

Mibbs—That's me.

Reporter—I—I'm a reporter.

Mibbs—My heart bleeds for you.

Reporter—I'm supposed to interview you.

Mibbs—Why?

Reporter—I—I beg your pardon?

Mibbs—Oh, not at all, no offense.

Reporter—I mean—I mean what did you say?

Mibbs—Well, that's strange. I've forgotten what I said. What did you say?

Reporter—I said that I am supposed to interview you.

Mibbs—So you did. That's precisely what you said. *(He starts to read the paper again.)*

Reporter—But I want to interview you.

Mibbs—Go right ahead, son, don't mind me.

Reporter—Well, what's your big research problem now?

Mibbs—Don't have one.

Reporter—You don't have one?

Mibbs—Nope.

Reporter—Then—then what do you do?

Mibbs—Loaf.

Reporter—Then I guess there isn't any story.

Mibbs—Guess not.

Reporter—*(Downcast)* Then may be I better be going.

*(He starts for the door but Mibbs puts down his paper.)*

Mibbs—Come on back son. I was

only kidding. I've really just finished the biggest thing of my career.

Reporter—What's that?

Mibbs—There she is.

Reporter—What is it?

Mibbs—Sonny, that's a brain machine.

Reporter—You mean it makes brains?

Mibbs—Exactly.

Reporter—Saaaay, that's wonderful.

Mibbs—It sure is.

Reporter—Comes right out and makes brains in front of God and everybody?

Mibbs—Well, not quite that. You see you take a dope, a moron in training, a sap with a minus I. Q., and you sit him in that chair, there, and then you throw that switch, there, and when you take him out of the chair he's a brain trust, a master mind, a straight 'A' man, a junior genius.

Reporter—Hey now. That's something.

Mibbs—You said it.

Reporter—How does it work?

Mibbs—Well, in a general way, like this. When you throw this switch it charges up four series parallel micro farad condensers that discharge across an NO<sub>2</sub> air gap back there and we filter out everything but the transient terms of the fourth and seventh order and use them to high frequency electrolyze a solution of chromium in trinitro sulfanamide which runs down through constantly diminishing capillary tubes into a sterile beaker.

Reporter—Is that the way it works?

Mibbs—Hey?

Reporter—I said, is that the way it works?

Mibbs—No, no. That's only the test to see if everything is ready.

Reporter—Oh.

Mibbs—Then you push this button here and that trips three successively timed circuit breaking impedance relays that start a ten foot screw moving across and the boiling solutions vaporize and pass up through Heliwig separators where it is throttled to two point five and drops to atmospheric and reacts with the basic metabolism in the spinal column to cause increased Ferguson curves in the brain structure of the subject, which is just the same as making brains.

Reporter—Well, dunk me in sheep dip!

*(There is a knock at the door.)*



Mibbs—Come in.

(Enter Prexy.)

Mibbs—Ah, Prexy.

Prexy—Hi ya, Mibbs. Evening son.

Mibbs—There she is, Prexy, all set.

Prexy—Good, Mibbs, good. You realize how important this is to Lehigh University?

Mibbs—Yeah, sure, I know what you mean. (They glance at the reporter.)

Reporter—How's that. Say, what's up?

Prexy—Oh, nothing, nothing at all.

Mibbs—Might as well tell him, prexy. If you don't he'll learn it from the dirty little boys in the street.

Prexy—Well, you mustn't breathe a word to anyone, but Lehigh is almost on the rocks.

Reporter—Oh, that. I thought you had a secret. Everybody knows that.

Prexy—What!

Reporter—Sure. Johnny, down at the corner is giving five to three that the school doesn't open in the fall.

Prexy—Oh, he is, is he!

Reporter—Yeah. Down in town they're all saying that Lehigh students would do better to go to Lafayette anyway.

Prexy—Oh, is that so!

Reporter—Sure. They're all saying that Lehigh is through. Endowment gone and on its last legs.

Prexy—On its last legs, hey! Lehigh is through, hey! Well, by Asa Packer, we'll see about that. Think we're down, do they? Think we're done for? We'll show 'em if we're done for. Hey, Mibbs? We'll show 'em!

Mibbs—You said it Prexy. When they find out about our machine we'll have the customers flocking in. We won't need any endowment. The Mibbs Little Wonder Brain Maker will support Lehigh in royal style. They'll see.

Reporter—Does it work?

Mibbs and Prexy—Huh!

Reporter—I said, does it work?

Mibbs—What do you mean, does it work? Why of course it works. It can't help working. The theory is perfect.

Reporter—Now I want to see Lehigh continue as much as you do, but I still want to see that machine work.

Prexy—I guess he's right, Mibbs. Let's try it.

Mibbs—Welllll — all right then.

Prexy—Have you got a subject for the experiment? Some dope whose brain needs improving.

Mibbs—I didn't have anybody, but I do now.

(They both stare at the reporter. He edges for the door.)

Reporter—Here we go.

Prexy—Oh, come now. It won't hurt you. And it may do you some good.

Mibbs—Sure. Here we're giving you a free treatment that will cost five hundred dollars a shot tomorrow. You're losing money by not doing it.

Prexy—And take it from me, kid, you need the treatment.

Reporter—Well . . .

Mibbs—O.K. then. Strap him in before he thinks it over.

(They hustle him into the chair.)

Reporter—Well turn the power down a little for the first shot.

Mibbs—Sure, sure. All set?

Prexy—Roll her!

(Mibbs closes the switch. Stage black out with rockets, bombs, shouts, and screams. When the lights come up the reporter is standing among the wreckage wobbling his lip. They shake him until he comes to.)

Reporter—Well, did it work?

(Mibbs and Prexy stare long and sorrowfully.)

Mibbs—It should have worked. The theory was perfect.

Prexy—Well I guess that's the end of the brain making machine.

Reporter—Good riddance!

Prexy—And it's also the end of Lehigh University. Now the school is just shot.

Reporter—You mean there's no way out?

Prexy—I can't raise a cent for the endowment. I've tried every place.

Reporter—Gee, that's bad.

Mibbs—Now wait a minute, Prexy. There's one party that hasn't been heard from yet.

Prexy—What do you mean?

Mibbs—We have alumni, haven't we? Lehigh University has a bunch of mighty loyal alumni, and they're just the ones that will help their college out of this. Now, son, you just go back to your paper and put in it how things stand. And for a headline you write, *LEHIGH TO FAIL*. Why, from all over the world they'll help their university. They'll come through. You'll see. They'll never let Lehigh

down.

(Lights out on the stage and the quartet swells for an instant. Then a spot picks out an eskimo standing in front of an igloo.)

Eskimo—

I want to go back to Bethlum where my fond memory dwells;

Want to go back to where the air has old familiar smells.

Had a girl of my own from the polar zone

But I left her flat;

The farthest she goes is rubbing noses, What kind of love is that?

I wanta go back to Bethlum where they're warm and friendly folk;

Where Bethlum Steel and Sex Appeal have filled the town with smoke.

I said good-bye to Old Lehigh,

I know I was wrong.

(Enter a news boy.)

I want to go back to Bethlum, where I belong.

Newsy—Extra, extra! Read all about it! Lehigh to fail! Extra, extra!

(Eskimo takes paper excitedly. Exit newsboy. Eskimo calls loudly.)

Eskimo—Boy, boy! Woogie nook! Hubba hubba! (Enter a western union messenger on a bicycle.) Neglig hubba save Lehigh! Nooky rooky booky, for Lehigh! (He gives messenger a fish and points off stage.) Hubba, hubba!

(The orchestra does Mademoiselle from Armentiers. Spot on opposite side of the stage, picks out Frenchman standing in front of Eiffel Tower.)

Frenchman—

I want to go back to Bethlum.

Where ze heart become ecstatic.

Where skies are blue and oooh, Mon Dieu,

La femme, she is pneumatic!

Ze Rue da la Paix is O.K. if you like;

But my heart, she's true to Third and

New

Where I make ze lucky strike!

I want to go back to Bethlum

When the evening appears.

I think a lot of where I shot

Those four happy years.

I said farewell, but what ze hell

It's there I long to be;

I want to go back to Bethlum, mais oui,

Oui, OUI!

(Enter newsboy as before.)

Frenchy—Lehigh to fail? Nevar! It shall not be! Garcon, garcon! (Exit newsy and enter messenger. The Frenchman produces a huge frog, cardboard no doubt.) Here, take zeess to

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*(The orchestra does "China Town My Chinatown". Spot on Chinaman standing in front of a pagoda.)*

Chinaman—

Want to go back to Bethlum  
Where received said education.  
So tired of joss and lotus blossoms,  
Wish for stimulation.

Have gone wrong in Hong Kong,  
Also Singapore,  
But never tight like one big night  
In Maennerchor.

Wish for to go to Bethlum  
No more chow mein in pagoda.  
One sentimental oriental  
Long for scotch and soda.  
Have said good-bye to Old Lehigh,  
But now feel homesick pang.  
So want to go back to Bethlum,  
Yeah man! Whang dang!

*(Enter newsboy.)*

Chinaman—*(Reading paper.)* Oh,  
most unfortunate! Most unfortunate!  
*(He calls)* Boy, oh boy! come here.  
Chop chop!

*(Exit newsy and enter messenger.)*

Chinaman—Take this bird's nest to  
Bethlehem for the drive to save Le-  
high. For Confucious say, bird's nest  
in hand is worth two in the putsch!

*(The orchestra does "Lochlomond".  
Spot on opposite side of the stage  
picks out Scotchman.)*

Scotchman—

I wanta go back to Bethlum.  
Mon, it makes me fairly pensive,  
That bonny spot where love is hot  
And verra inexpensive.  
Now you can take the highroad  
If you're going for a stroll,  
But for me, I'll still take the Hill-to-  
Hill—

It's the bridge that asks no toll.

I wanta go back to Bethlum,  
To my lass from Warren Square.  
It wilts my kilts to think that I  
May see her never mare.

I long to bide a wee,

I want to go back to Bethlum, but  
F.O.B.

*(Enter newsboy.)*

Newsy—Paper mister?

Scott—Nay lad, but you can read  
me the headlines.

Newsy—Well, it says here, Lehigh  
to fail. It says, United—

Scott—Thot'll do lad, thot'll do!  
Wurra, wurra, can it be my old uni-  
versity has fallen on evil days. Aye,  
it gives me a tight feeling, that it does.

It gives me a tight feeling.

*(The orchestra does "Brother Can  
You Spare A Dime?" Spot picks out  
tramp, dressed in a barrel, standing  
in front of New York skyline.)*

Tramp—

I wanta go back to Bethlum,  
To my technical institution.  
Sadly I yearn for Bunsen burners  
Boiling a solution.  
I've been out west but I won't go again.  
The alkalinity in that vicinity  
Is practically p-H ten.

I wanta go back to Quant Lab where

I first learned to pray—

Since I left Dief I'm on relief  
With more than hell to pay.  
I said good-bye to old Lehigh,  
I know I was wrong.

I wanta go back to Bethlum where I  
belong.

*(Tramp picks folded newspaper out  
of garbage can and reads.)*

Tramp—Lehigh to fail? It shall not  
be! *(Enter a dame.)*

Tramp—Lady, can you give me a  
dime to save my old alma mater?  
*(She gives him a dime and exits. Enter  
a sinister character.)*

S.C.—Just a minute, my good man,  
what are you going to do with that  
money?

Tramp—I'm gonna give it to my old  
alma mater, because she's destitute.

S.C.—There is a tax of ten cents  
on all contributions to educational in-  
stitutions. *(He takes the dime, reveal-  
ing a sign on his back—"Tax collec-  
tor"—The tramp turns sadly away.)*  
And a two percent collection tax! *(He  
rips two slats out of the barrel.)*

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